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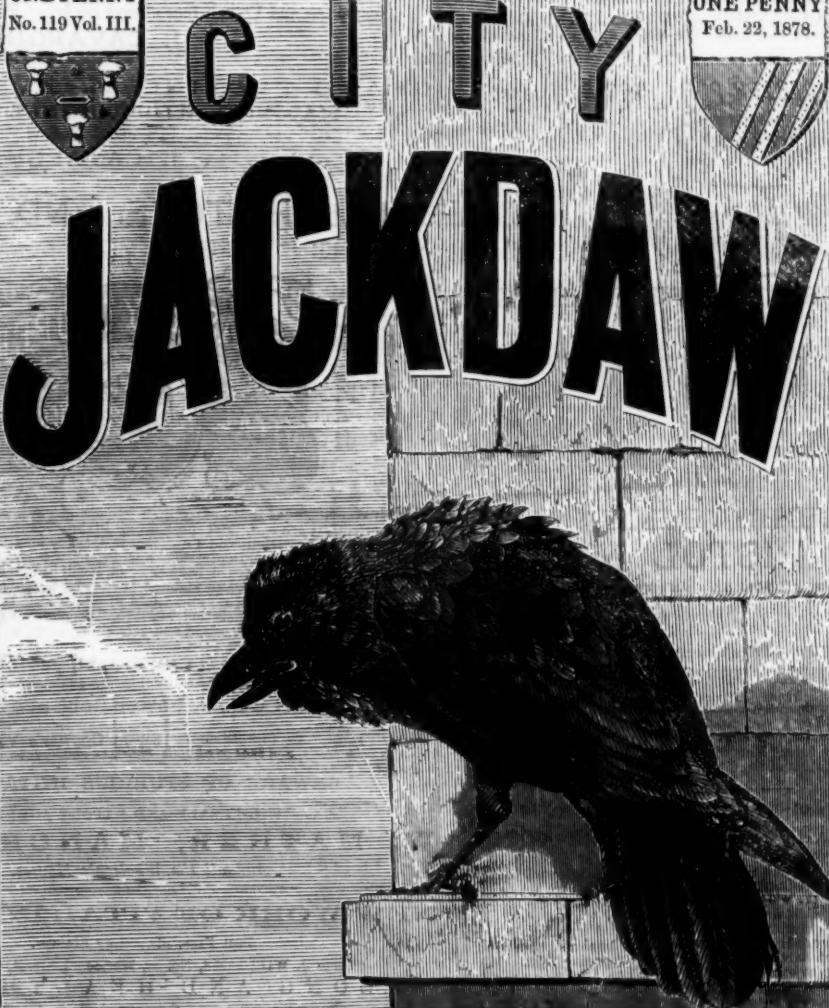
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ONE PENNY
No. 119 Vol. III.

ONE PENNY
Feb. 22, 1878.



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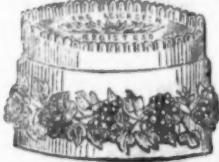
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 119.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1878.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE POLITICAL CHESS-BOARD.

WHAT a nice game of chess is going on in the neighbourhood of Constantinople and Gallipoli, between Admiral Hornby on the one part, and the Grand Duke Nicholas and General Skobelev on the other part! Betting is about level at present, and the result is anticipated with no small amount of anxiety. The *Daily Telegraph*, of course, expects the English Fleet to win. This is what it says, chiefly as to the English influences being brought to bear on the progress of the game:—

"As it is, the Russian Chancellor must find the change in our position hard to understand. That the schemes of the invading Power should be hampered and even paralysed by the tone of concord now well-nigh universal in the press, the Government, and the country, is not to be wondered at. Down to a very recent date there was much encouragement for Russia to believe that the England of Lord Palmerston had ceased to exist. A foolish clamour filled the land which was impudently called 'public opinion,' and which Muscovites might well mistake for the feeling it stimulated. For many months this journal stood almost alone among Liberal organs in insisting that the humiliation and injury of the British Empire was aimed at by the destruction of that of Turkey, and that the only method of avoiding a second and longer conflict was by employing the plainest language to the Czar, and making the fullest preparation to support it by action. We knew well that the philanthropic phrases which inaugurated the invasion would be dropped when they had secured their purpose, and that Russia's fidelity to her allies—if the absurd notion of our alliance with her in the annihilation of Turkey could have been entertained—would be illustrated by such nefarious propositions as that which she now makes to rob Roumania of her territory on the left banks of the Danube and the Pruth. But, though all has gone just as we knew and said it would, Russia, on her side, has forgotten the lesson of the Crimean times, and suffered herself to be misled by precisely the same means and by much the same persons as deceived her twenty-five years ago. This, too, we foresaw, and more than once during the eighteen months of our strenuous efforts to save Europe from the dangers of the present moment we remarked that the Court of St. Petersburg would by-and-by execrate their friends and agents among us for having again beguiled them about the national temper of the English people. It has all happened as we predicted. Russia has blundered on, through ghastly and ruinous losses, to the very brink of a war, deceived by that same clique which, in 1853, encouraged her to disregard British power and interests. Something like pity might almost even now be felt for the Muscovite statesmen who have been thus twice within a generation tempted to ruinous policies by noisy adulators in England. However astute and well-informed a foreign diplomatist may be—however unscrupulous in availing himself of ignorant sympathies—it is no much to expect him to understand the slow solidity of British sentiment, and that quiet but unchanging spirit in our race which at the eleventh hour is certain to rebuke the chatteringers who call themselves representatives of English opinion, while inviting a foreign Power to trample upon our treaties and ride rough-shod over our rights and interests. That absurd pretension is now exploded, but not before Russia has paid for her second instance of rash credulity by aiming at a position where she must forego one-half her ambitious schemes. But if the Northern despotism has good grounds to curse her advocates, amongst us, certainly England is in no mood to bless them. Thanks to their mad egotism and passionate bigotry, we may be drifting towards war, with the national assistance of Turkey neutralised, with every military advantage lost, and with the perils of the situation incalculably augmented by divisions and delays."

This is all very fine, no doubt, but the *Daily Telegraph* does not need to be told by us that, if it had got its way, England and Russia would have been at war long ere now. The *Telegraph* is good enough, and modest enough, to imagine that it has reduced the whole nation to its condition of delirium tremens. Nothing of the sort. There are cool heads left in England yet. Even the *Pall Mall Gazette* is calming down a bit. But its faith in the Government seems entirely gone. Unless the language of English diplomacy," it says regarding the latest movements on the political chess-board, "has taken a Russian

taint, our ships were sent to Constantinople for the protection of British subjects against danger of robbery and massacre. Unless we, too, have learned and have brought into use the arts of Russian statesmanship, the Government became convinced a few days since that this peril was so great that they felt bound to provide against it at all hazards. And even without the sanction of any such declarations and assurances we know that the danger did and does exist, and also that the first duty of every Government is to defend its subjects from such perils at all costs. So our ships were sent to Constantinople. And if now they are withdrawn for the reasons assigned (and no other plausible reasons exist), it follows that the English Government have done what they declared it impossible they should do, under any circumstances: to use Lord Derby's words, they have 'taken the responsibility of leaving undefended those whom we are bound to defend.' After declaring their intention in the strongest language, after risking a great deal to carry it into effect, they have retreated from it. And how and why have they done so? They have done so by what is to all intents and purposes a bargain with the Russian commanders. While affirming that an occupation of Constantinople is, under the circumstances, indefensible; that it would be a violation of pledges and engagements; that such an occupation would be by no means 'parallel' with the appearance of our fleet before Constantinople for the necessary duties of humanity and good government, our Ministers have abandoned those duties to buy off the Russian intention. The safety of British subjects, not only acknowledged but proclaimed to be in peril, becomes a matter of diplomatic barter. Is not that humiliation? Or if we choose not to think so, will the world agree with us? Of course we know what is said to the contrary; there is no such peril with British ships within five hours of the city; but, in case of popular outbreak, would not four be enough to fire fifty houses and murder a hundred men? It is as well not to be too absurd in excuse and apology; and there is quite enough absurdity perhaps in the assertion that Mundania Bay is a good place of anchorage. We believe it is nothing of the sort." It is well that the *Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall* help, in some measure, to counteract each other. It is also well that the Cabinet lost its cohesion and a large share of its influence by the secession of Lord Carnarvon. It is well, further, that the Earl of Derby consented at last to remain at his post. But for Lord Carnarvon's secession and Lord Derby's resignation, England and Russia would have been at war weeks ago. But for Lord Derby's presence in the Cabinet and the watchfulness of Liberals both in Parliament and throughout the country, we might be plunged into hostilities any day. The Foreign Secretary is the only safe man who is now determining and regulating England's movements on the Political Chess-Board.

MISSING THE MARK.

HERE is a valentine, which, though not intended as a compliment, we take in a complimentary sense. From the monogram on the envelope—which the writer evidently forgot—we find that it comes from the Conservative Club:—

"I hope when next the Jackdaw flies
Across the sombre sky.
And settles on the Town Hall spire
To raise his dreadful cry—
I hope some patriotic youth,
Some gallant volunteer,
With rifle true and deadly aim,
Will send him to his bier.
All Tory children ought to be
Enjoined to always hoot him,
And taught when they get big enough
To try and trap or shoot him."

NOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactory, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and in canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

THOSE EVENING BILLS!

[BY A STREET PHILOSOPHER.]

THOSE evening bills ! those evening bills !
 How sweet the cunning which they show !
 The man who makes them well fulfils
 His daily duty here below—
 Lo, where he toils, unknown to fame !
 The paper may be dull as lead,
 The bill is lively all the same ;
 'Tis thus the bill-man earns his bread.
 The journal may of news be void—
 A state to which it oft inclines—
 The bill-man always is employed
 In making up enormous lies,
 With revolutions, wars, and scares,
 With murders, wrecks, and sudden death,
 With scandals, gossip, nests of mares,
 That man is always out of breath.
 When noisy little urchins call
 The movements of the British Fleet,
 I know there is no news at all
 Of what they shout in Market Street ;
 Or if, at least, there should be news,
 The gist of it is on the bill.
 To buy the paper I refuse,
 Content to own the bill-man's skill.
 Some grave announcement oft is made
 Which causes me to start and stop,
 But he has put—he knows his trade—
 A tiny ~~rumour~~ at the top ;
 Thus, PEACE is settled—WAR DECLARED—
 GREAT BATTLES fought, or won, or lost ;
 The bill-man always is prepared
 For big events—and — the cost !
 Excuse the language, which is strong ;
 It is a classic sort of phrase,
 Expressing more—although it's wrong—
 Than could be said in other ways.
 My Muse is shocked, although I deemed
 There was no means of shocking her ;
 And so good bye, my friends esteemed,
 Your faithful

STREET PHILOSOPHER.

THE CLERICAL SQUABBLIES AT ECCLES.

A FEW weeks ago we stated, in brief, how there had been what Dunderdry would call a "wow," between the Vicar of Eccles and the juniorissimus of his curates, arising out of an incident akin to that given by Shakspere in *Henry VIII*, act iii, scene 2 :—

" What's this—to the Pope ?
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness."

The breach has been patched up, and the *Jackdaw* would not be unfaithful to himself and the expectations of his readers if he failed to record how this unlooked-for and seemingly impossible compromise came about. To such men as are favoured only with common sense, cool heads, and reflective minds, there was only one way in which there could be a satisfactory extrication from the mess, and that was for the choleric curate to go as peacefully as possible—unless, of course, both had left Eccles, which some cynical people think would have been better still. In either case, the *amende honorable* could have been made to the two curates whose noses had been made bridges of in the first instance. Those two curates, who, by the way, are thoroughly decent, worthy fellows, have worked as hard as prudence admits without treading on the proverbial susceptibilities of vicars who cannot tolerate being outshone by a mere curate in their pay. Vicars of this class might themselves never have been curates and gaped after a living as much as an old maid after a husband. They might have been so indifferent to preferment and glebes as never to gamble should the good old rule *seniores priores* have been set aside for no better a man than themselves. One of these curates has been in Eccles four or five years, and the other about half that period; both of them have striven "to submit themselves to all their governors, and order themselves lowly and reverently," as they bargained to teach others to do. They have administered the rites of the church, and performed the functions of their office *sans fault*. At Eccles, a curate's duty means taking the funerals at the Salford Cemetery about

every eight weeks, the work being divided between them and the Salford curates; but in this case the fees, some £50 or £60 a year, go into the pockets of the vicar, and the fares out of the curates. This they have done " decently and in order," and it makes it all the more difficult to discover why they were thought unworthy the offer of the new district of St. Andrew's, unless as a rash old village gossip has it—"um happens t' be wed." But to our narrative. After the breach became blazed abroad, the curate went flying about—his head shot far beyond the centre of gravity, and his locomotion displayed very defective calisthenics—visiting everybody. How to retain so active a man became the question of the hour. His impetuosity was more than condoned by his sincerity and his readiness to forgive, beg pardon, apologise, or aught in that line, which seemed to quite tickle many who were not accustomed to this kind of thing from a parson. He held services in a school, and after it was known that he was likely to leave, several young ladies made themselves conspicuous by remaining on their marrow bones long after the bulk of the congregation had got upon their feet, shaken their garments into propriety, adjusted the brooch, wiped their hats with their coat sleeves, coughed, nodded at their acquaintances, and begun to file out. Soon a trio of memorials were hurried round the new part of the parish, one to go to the master, one to the dame, and one to the little boy who was, perhaps, just a little to blame, asking them to square matters. There were some deputations to bishop and vicar, but the latter, as might naturally be expected, gave his a cold shoulder. By this time rumour was very busy, and memories of the past set tongues a-wagging at an unmerciful rate. People became obstreperous, cantankerous, threatening ; some would not pay their promised subscription to the new Church building fund if the curate went ; some burnt their mission tracts ; ladies threatened to resign their Sunday School classes ; the building committee put a spoke in, and things certainly grew desperately hot. The curate got an appointment at Bury, went round to all the people in his division, shook hands with the adults and we suppose kissed the babies, from the matronly sympathy he excited. All these valedictory movements, even discharging the curate's poor washerwoman, became topics of conversation, the crisis quite eclipsing that at Constantinople. The only remaining way to let off the steam now was to get up a testimonial. Happy thought. Two hundred and fifty-five people subscribed to buy a time-piece, &c. Wednesday the thirteenth was fixed for the farewell service and the presentation. When the people retired that Tuesday night, the mental tension was very strained. Wednesday morning broke as glum as the day of executing a martyr, rather than making a presentation to a favourite curate. But the fates were big with events. The vicar had kicked and floundered amongst the blankets all night battling with sleep, and the curate had tossed and tumbled within the area of his Tudor. Soon after dawn the vicar came to the city, and the rest reminds us of a passage in the "Corsair"—

" One hour beheld him since the tide he stumm'd—
 Disguised—discover'd—conquering—ta'en—condemn'd—
 A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
 Destroying—saving—prison'd—and asleep !"

There were consultations here, telegrams to there, and fuss everywhere. Some of the telegrams which were sent to Eccles were thought to be hoaxes. At night the school was crowded, and when it was announced that that dear, that sweet angelic single man was to stay, some shouted, some even wept, and all clapped their hands. The village Nestors—men who don't lose their heads at every change of the moon, or alter their opinions to oblige their friends—on hearing the news, said that Dean Cowie does the *otium cum dignitate* of office better than Dean Pitcairn would have done. They say there has been too much daubing of whitewash and too little explanation. They ask—Were the extraordinary statements in that unfortunate letter true or false ? Has the vicar owned the impeachments ? or has the curate eaten his words ? Bravo, village wisecracs ! says the *Jackdaw*.

THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY" AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

LAST week but one a short article appeared in this paper under the heading of "An Interview with the 'Sleeping Beauty,'" which was inserted on information that turned out to be untrue. The lady who has delighted the public for so many nights in the character of the "Sleeping Beauty" naturally feels aggrieved by the article, and we therefore withdraw it unconditionally, and express our sincere apologies to Miss Herbert that it should have appeared.

NEEDY POLITICIANS.

THE author of "The Art of Polite Correspondence" avows that letters are (among other things) the life of trade, the food of the politician, and the entertainment of the curious; and the accuracy of his assertion has never been more plainly demonstrated than during the last eighteen months. In the special correspondence of the *Daily News*, and in the letters and pamphlets of Mr. Gladstone, we have had splendid illustrations of the power of the pen in enlightening the public mind and in moulding public opinion in regard to one of the most momentous crises in European history. Compare the public opinion of to-day with the public opinion of five-and-twenty years ago, concerning the Eastern problem, and how great do we find the change that has "come o'er the spirit of our dream!" In the greater part, this wholesome effect is due to the letter-writing of liberal-minded, clear-headed men, whose labours, however, have been visited with the sore displeasure and the scathing denunciation of the great bulk of the Tory party.

Few, if any, politicians of equal fame have done so much of letter-writing and pamphleteering as Mr. Gladstone, and, certainly, no statesman has been more derided and reviled by his political opponents. With most of the Tory fuglemen, from "lords of fat Evesham and Lincoln fen" down to such as our Royles, Crostons, Touchstones, and Blatherwicks, scarcely any form of contempt has been withheld. One of the latest sneers was to the effect that some ingenious admirer of the Woodman of Hawarden should provide him with a machine for the more expeditious despatch of postal cards.

After what has occurred during the last few weeks, the men who have spoken so contemptuously of Mr. Gladstone's so-called weakness for letter-writing should everlastingly hold their peace. We have at present a Composite Cabinet, in which the majority of the English people have little or no confidence; in which pugnacity and pliability, the deep-mouthed bark of the hound and the impotent yelp of the toy terrier, are strangely mingled. It is a Needy Cabinet. The variations it has played on the Eastern air have discredited it in the estimation of all right-minded men, and in a desperate resolve to recover its lost character its members are now engaged in the epistolary art to an extent which would have amazed both the author of the "Universal Letter Writer" and Mercury himself. Whilst the whole nation was in a ferment on account of the bellicose tendencies and declarations of the political Jupiter and one or two of his ministerial satellites, and meetings in favour of neutrality were held throughout the country, Conservative platforms resounded with denunciations of "mechanical agitation;" but now that the agitation has somewhat subsided, we find the real political automata set in operation, and by every Conservative club and coterie, resolutions in support of the Government are being passed and forwarded to head-quarters, from whence they are acknowledged with a pomp and circumstance of tone which might be humiliating to ourselves were it not so consummately absurd. The Government is entrenching itself behind this *chevaux de frise* set up by its obedient supporters, in the hope that it may be pointed at as the spontaneous outcome of a trustful and patriotic people. Nay, it is actually taken as such. The country is being flooded with letters from or on behalf of Ministers, returning thanks in terms of most exquisite courtesy for these manifestations of approval on the part of the people. We hear nothing now of "mechanical agitation;" the British Lion would, as the American Showman might say, "roar with rage at the thawt." No, no; this is the genuine unadulterated article—the hundreds of peace resolutions that were passed previously by the people assembled in their thousands were a delusion and a snare. England is herself again! Disraeli Rediviva! And so these Tory resolutions, one and sundry, are promptly acknowledged by Ministers, from the Premier downward; and the Tory party in general, and the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Manchester Courier* in particular, are in the Seventh Heaven. No more *delirium tremens*—no more inquiring from what particular lunatic asylum we have escaped. The incid interval is upon us; the British Fleet has received and obeyed instructions to make the passage of the Dardanelles, and, if need be, whip creation all round; we have at last a Cabinet prepared and willing to do—more or less."

One of the latest exhibitions of this pitiful folly of the Needy Cabinet is to be found in a couple of letters which have been received by "Mr. Charles Kenworthy, of Old Trafford," of which the following are copies:—

"11, Downing Street, Whitehall, 15th February, 1878.

"Sir,—I am desired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to express to

you his gratification at the resolution passed at the public meeting held on Saturday in Albert Square, Manchester. Such indications of the feeling of the country with regard to the foreign policy of the Government are of great value to her Majesty's Ministers in the present anxious crisis.—I am, your obedient servant,

"JOHN A. KEMPT.

"Charles Kenworthy, Esq."

"Treasury, S.W., February 15th, 1878.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th inst., forwarding a copy of the resolution which was passed at the torchlight meeting lately held in Albert Square, Manchester, by the Lancashire Union Conservative and Constitutional Association; and I desire to express to you my sense of the appreciation which her Majesty's Government continue to feel of the support which the country at large is ready to extend to their present line of policy, as signified in that resolution.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"W. HART DYKE.

"Mr. Charles Kenworthy."

Truly letters are "the food of the politician and the entertainment of the curios." Persons not acquainted with the facts of the case might be led to suppose from the foregoing letters that the Albert Square torchlight meeting was one of considerable proportions, and that it was attended by people from all parts of Lancashire. Would you, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Hart Dyke, be surprised to learn that not more than THREE HUNDRED persons were present at that meeting, and that many of them were BOYS; that owing to the lack in numbers, nearly an hour beyond the time announced for commencing was allowed to expire before Mr. Charles Kenworthy, as chairman, opened the meeting; and that upon the promoters of the meeting subsequently "placing themselves at the head of a band of about 200 persons, mostly youths," and marching to the Conservative Club in St. Ann's Street, no amount of persuasion could prevail upon any of the members of the Club to recognise the procession? These facts are attested in two published reports of the proceedings, and if Mr. Charles Kenworthy had taken the trouble to forward those reports "to Lords Beaconsfield and Derby, and to the leaders of the Conservative and national parties of England," as was authorised in regard to the resolution passed on the occasion, the probability is that although (in their needy condition) they might have seen "something in it," just as Peter Bell saw "something in a flying horse, and something in a huge balloon," still they would never have been so thick-skinned as to see in it anything of "great value to Her Majesty's Ministers in the present anxious crisis."

We hope that Mr. Charles Kenworthy may be permitted by his colleagues to enjoy all the advantages which such correspondence is calculated to afford him; and we need scarcely add that all our Liberal readers, at any rate, will join with us in lamenting that the torch-burning which has met with the approbation and thanks of the Cabinet should have been offensive in the nostrils of his political superiors in this city.

HOULDsworth SITS ON BEACONSFIELD!

ONLY give Mr. W. H. Houldsworth plenty of rope, and he is not at all unlikely to hang himself before the vacancy occurs in the representation of Manchester, which he has been chosen to contest. Addressing the Ardwick Conservative Association, a week ago, he put his foot into it sadly on the Eastern Question. Not only did he pitch into Turkey, but he also pitched into the Earl of Beaconsfield himself. He was neither a Russophobe nor a Turkophobe, he said, and he tried to view the matter as calmly and as fairly as he could. He thought it was a great pity that that treaty, which was for the purpose of repressing the encroachments of Russia—which was the object we had now in view—should bind us to a Power which, in its conduct towards the people under its rule, had not done us very much credit. He would say, however—and they must allow him to say exactly what he thought upon the subject—that he regretted the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield. He did not believe that they were open to the construction which had been put upon them; but he was sorry that he should have given an opening—he thought unnecessarily—for such a construction. This, it must be owned, is exceedingly promising on the part of a "Young Politician." How did it come to pass that the *Courier* omitted these passages from its report? We first read the *Guardian* report, and, on turning to the *Courier* report, which was longer, were astonished, not to say startled, to see with how much free-and-easy Houldsworth's utterances were dressed up by our Conservative contemporary. The Coming Man, it would appear, may sit on Beaconsfield as much as he likes on the platform, but he won't be allowed to do anything of the kind in the correct columns of the *Courier*.

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.—

W. ARONBERG has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, so far as possible, completely remove, the inconveniences which arises from defective sight.—12, VICTORIA STREET.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

"CITY JACKDAW" PORTRAITS.

Next week we shall present to our subscribers a fine lithographic portrait, uniform with the portraits which have already appeared in our pages, of

SAMUEL WATT'S, ESQ., J.P.,

President of the Manchester Reform Club. Orders should be given to newsagents with as little delay as possible.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the battle on the Eastern Question will now be fought out in Congress.

That this is an improvement.

That we hope the knowledge that he has six millions at his back will not lead the representative of England to say or do anything which is foolish or dangerous.

That Russia has fairly beaten Turkey and deserves some just reward for the sacrifices she has made and the losses she has sustained.

That Germany, at least, will back up Russia in any reasonable demand she may make.

That we should have done with the Turk, once and for all.

That he has been nothing but a trouble to us.

That Russia will take precious good care to keep her hands off any real British Interests.

That it will be time for us to interfere when British Interests, not Turkish Interests, are at stake.

That it is positively astonishing to observe how anxious some persons are for an alliance between England and Austria.

That Austria led us a nice dance just before the Crimean War.

That she led us to expect that she would go with us.

That she drew back at the last moment.

That she would probably play us the same trick again.

That Mr. W. H. Houldsworth has been describing himself as a young, inexperienced politician.

That Mr. Houldsworth has also been pitching into Lord Beaconsfield for his warlike speeches.

That the *Courier* didn't report these parts of Mr. Houldsworth's address.

That Mr. J. W. Maclure was absent on the occasion.

That, if he had been present, he would have swooned right away, being careful, of course, to fall on the unhappy Houldsworth in his death descent.

That both Dr. Royle and Mr. James Croston happened to be present. That they glanced at each other in amazement alike at Houldsworth's simplicity and audacity.

That a special meeting of the Tory wire-pullers is to be convened on the subject.

That the Queen means to pull Houldsworth over the coals for presuming to pitch into the Premier as he dared to do.

That Her Majesty has been pleased specially to retain the *City Jackdaw* to report the august interview.

That Houldsworth is trembling in his shoes at the prospect.

That he wishes the *Guardian* would dress up his speeches, and keep back the parts which are not genuinely Conservative, the same as the *Courier* does.

That the Editor of the *Guardian* says he cannot oblige him quite much.

That Cardinal Pecci will succeed Pope Pius IX.

That he is spoken of as the right man in the right place.

That, holding moderate views, his election will scarcely be objected to by any of the Powers.

That Manchester Chamber of Commerce has again declared, in an unmistakable manner, in favour of Free Trade.

That the decision come to on Wednesday will help to bring about what all want—the abolition of the Indian Cotton Import Dues.

That the City Council is opposed to Free Trade in butchers' and fishmongers' licenses.

That the Markets Committee made out a good case in favour of continuing the licenses, for a time.

That Madame Rachel seems to reap a rich harvest from her business.

That £1,000 for making a Countess beautiful for ever isn't to be laughed at.

That no doubt the Countess considered the thing dirt cheap.

That some ladies seem to think more of their appearance than their good name.

That not a few gentlemen do the same.

That the world we live in is a staggerer.

MR. W. H. HOULDSWORTH, THE YOUNG POLITICIAN.

GANDOUR is an admirable thing in its way; yet it is quite possible to be too candid by half at times, and under certain circumstances. Parliamentary candidates, or coming Parliamentary candidates, of all men in the world, require to possess prudence, needing to know when to speak and when to keep silent. We had got it into our heads that Mr. W. H. Houldsworth was a fairly prudent man. True, he has let slip certain things which may be remembered against him, and be used as evidence against him in the future. But we fancy that he outstripped himself in errors of discretion and judgment when addressing the Ardwick Conservatives the other night. One would have thought that in Ardwick he would have been eminently successful and brilliant, for, standing in Ardwick, it seems, he stood upon his native heath. He said he accepted the invitation to the meeting with feelings of great satisfaction, because about forty years ago, within a few hundred yards of their meeting-place, to use a common expression, he first time saw the light, so that, whatever he might be in other parts of Manchester, he was not a stranger in Ardwick. The fact that he saw before him the friends of his youth might have served to keep him straight. Not a bit of it. Instead of only saying what it was wise to say, he proceeded once more to inform the men of Manchester that he is only a "young politician," and knows but little of politics. Referring to the Eastern Question, he stated that, although he had not taken the opportunity of saying much upon it, he had not purposely abstained from taking part in meetings which had been held with regard to the question. He had not sought to thrust himself forward very much, because he thought that, for a young politician, it was just as well that he should not do so. Perhaps at excited meetings people did not say exactly what they wished to say, and what they would say, in calmness. Young politicians were rather apt to lose their heads, and say things which they should not say. Very true, Mr. Houldsworth; only, don't you think it would be a pity for a great city like this to be represented by a "young politician" who is some forty-five years of age? By the way, the *Courier*, wise in its day and generation, carefully omitted this passage about "Houldsworth, the Young Politician," in reporting his speech.

TO SMOKERS: (Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.)

WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

[BY PRIVATE TELEPHONE.]

In spite of our representation, the gifted and mysterious man whom we have engaged to do our London correspondence will persist in considering the *Jackdaw* as a Conservative organ, and is writing accordingly. As, however, his information is evidently got from the highest sources, we have decided to print the effusions.—Ed. *C. J.*

LONDON, Thursday.

I am happy to be able to inform you, on authority, which I am not at liberty to name, but which, were it mentioned, you would know to be unquestionable, that we may expect news of considerable importance from the seat of war in the East within the next month or two. It would be unwise to say more at present.

The extent to which Russia is trying to undermine and destroy English influence is beginning to be suspected by the nation at large, but few people have any idea of the almost unfathomable depths which will have to be sounded before we arrive at a full knowledge of the monstrous iniquity of the Russian Government. I am informed on the very highest authority that a Russian conspiracy has been detected here in London, and that its object was neither more nor less than the destruction or maiming of half the people in the kingdom. Russia is as unscrupulous in the choice of agents for carrying out her aims as she is in the conception of the aims themselves. In this case she has hired a large number of boys, who are paid to go about the streets, and who are each furnished with a whip and a top, not in order that they may amuse themselves, but that, under pretence of spinning these tops, they may endeavour to knock out the eyes of passers by. The reason for this villainous scheme is obvious. Russia is afraid that if we were to declare war, the whole population would rush forward and demand enrolment in the army. She, therefore, has adopted these means of knocking their eyes out, and thus rendering them ineligible.

I hear on authority which it would not be politic to name, but which is about as high as it possibly can be, that the Russian Government, dissatisfied with the ill-success of Gladstone's treason, have determined to withdraw the large pension which has been paid to him in consideration of his having betrayed his country. It is also said, and the story is very generally believed in political circles here, that the real object of Gladstone's nefarious conduct was not so much to gorge himself with ill-gotten gains as to procure his promotion to the position of Prince of Bulgaria, if that province should become semi-independent. Whether this be true or not, it is all but certain that he has been inciting the Jowaki tribes to begin the insurrection in order that he may write a pamphlet on the subject.

At the *levée* the other day, my friend Wales—the Prince, I mean, of course—expressed to me his belief that if the war went on, this country might very possibly have to think about the propriety of considering whether it should not do something or other. This is only one of many proofs which I could cite of the remarkable sagacity displayed by his Royal Highness, but this alone conclusively shows his ability to see the vital point of any question at a glance.

Wales was telling me the other day, in the course of a friendly chat over a cigar, of a circumstance which shows how great is his presence of mind and coolness of head in the most dangerous dilemmas. When only about sixteen years old, he fell into a pond at Windsor which was at least a foot deep. Instantly and without hesitation he got out again, relying on his own judgment and waiting for no advice as to the advisability of taking that course. It is a fortunate thing for this realm that its future head is one whose bravery and prudence were so conspicuously proved as they were by this incident.

Beaconsfield last night casually remarked to me that he does not think much of Hartington. I was obliged to admit that I was of his opinion, but I still tried to do Hartington a good turn, and observed that, after all, he was not such a bad sort of fellow. I tried, also, to moderate Beaconsfield's just anger against John Bright, by remarking that John would not really be so objectionable were he not one of the greatest bores and most unprincipled men that ever lived. I am happy to say that my assurances somewhat mollified Becky, who will not for the present propose Bright's impeachment, as he had intended to do.

I can affirm, on Ministerial authority, that there is not, and never has been, any dissension in the Cabinet. The rumour seems to have been spread by lying newspaper correspondents, who are always trying to gull

the public into believing that they are intimately acquainted with secrets of State, and who put on disgusting airs of familiarity with every eminent man in the land.

I hear that a marriage has been arranged between the wealthy Miss Croesus and the Earl of Luckless. I do not altogether approve of the match, but I have thought it better to make no suggestion until my advice is asked, which it is pretty sure to be, though neither of the parties is known to me.

There are rumours of sad dissensions between the Duke and Duchess of Wiltshire, who have been lately married. It is said, and indeed the knife cleaner in the kitchen assures me, that high words are frequently exchanged between the noble pair, and one of the footmen further tells me that he should not be surprised if a judicial separation were to take place. I must say that I always expected something of the sort. Things were not altogether straight with the Duke before the marriage, and her Grace is known to have a pretty high temper of her own. However, though I am in possession of further information, I can hardly consider myself at liberty to impart it, for nothing is more objectionable than the habit—it is getting very common now-a-days—of prying into the private affairs of eminent or wealthy people.

OH! THESE GIRLS!

ALGERNON'S APPEAL.

WILL you, darling, hear my plaint?
You'll not, Bella, say me nay?
I would serve you like a saint—
Do your bidding every day.
I would ne'er be late at night,
No'er be cross with you, my dove;
With you I would never flight,
Never turn to gall your love.
I would ever be your slave,
Carrying out all your commands;
And, although men call me brave,
I would never raise these hands.
T' mar the beauty of your face,
Or to cause your heart a twinge;
I belong a craven race,
And would 'fore you humbly cringe.

BELLA'S REPLY.

What you say seems very nice—
Least to some it might seem so;
Here's my answer in a trice—
I must boast a man as beau!

THOSE MANCHESTER MEN!

[A NOVEL: BY MRS. LINNET SPANKS.]

CHAPTER VII.

WITH a view to sustaining the interest in this remarkable and evidently brilliant historical romance, our sixth chapter broke off at a very critical point, no doubt to the great annoyance of our readers, who have been ever since consumed with anxiety to find out the *dénouement* of the scene which was then commenced.

We left Sir Noseph Jeron seated in a magnificently furnished apartment in the municipal palace—we might call it the Town Hall, but the city councillors think, and we think, that far too poor a name for this gorgeous and expensive edifice. Of course it must not be understood that Sir Noseph has been sitting there all this time, for he has been to his lowly cottage several times in the interval. However, we must deal with him where he was, not where he is.

Sir Noseph was deep in meditation upon the highly curious idiosyncrasies of the City Council, and wondering who on earth invented aldermen, when the door opened, and Mr. Councillor Queen was announced.

Mr. Queen entered, carefully closed the door behind him, locked it, walked round the room, looked into the corners and examined the pigeon-holes in the desk to see if any one was hidden. There wasn't any one, so he sat down in the chair by the fire.

"Well!" said Sir Noseph.

"Well!" said Queen.

"I wish you wouldn't repeat what I say in that manner," said Sir Noseph, pettishly. "Do you think you are an echo?"

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

"No," said Queen; "I always read the *Daily News*."

"Queen," said Sir Noseph, solemnly, "I begin to fear you are a bold, bad man."

"Yes," said Queen; "I have nearly been bowled out over this business, and that has made me feel bad."

"Would you be kind enough to leave this room?" inquired Sir Noseph, sternly.

"Certainly, I never intended to take it with me. I could not carry a room, though I might take a couple of chairs."

"This infirmity of yours is becoming a public scandal," said Sir Noseph, now thoroughly aroused.

"Infirmary you mean," said Queen; "yes, it is."

"To the devil with your Infirmary," yelled Sir Noseph.

"No, not to the devil, but up by Owens College, that's where they want to take it."

"Well, what is that to me? Let them take it."

"Everything to you. I want you to help us to keep it where it is."

"I shant," said Sir Noseph.

"You won't? Then prepare to be frightened. I tell you they want to take the Infirmary away, and put it up by Owens College."

"And I tell you I don't care if they do," said Sir Noseph.

"But the worst is to come," pursued Queen; "when they have removed the Infirmary they are going to remove the Town Hall too, and put it in the back yard of the College for the convenience of the professors who can't afford time to come to town and pay for their gas."

"What!" shrieked Sir Noseph; "they dare not; they could not!"

"Oh, but they could. They were going to take away the Infirmary in a hand cart last night. Jones found it out and stopped them, and he saw in the yard a two-horse hurry, which is to be used for carting away the Town Hall when the Infirmary job is finished."

"Good gracious! I feel quite faint," said Sir Noseph, helping himself to a glass of sherry. "Is there no way to stop them?"

"There is a way. Come and dine with me, and I'll tell you all about it."

Mr. Queen, by an unaccountable oversight, did not invite us too, though he might have known we should have been glad to hear the plan. As it is, the two conspirators went away together, and we can only guess at their plan by results which are to be narrated hereafter.

CHAPTER VIII.

The following night Lirbey, Maenrol, and Reedy, still intent on their awful design, assembled in the cellar where we last saw them.

One by one they entered, cautiously and with hesitation, for they feared lest the ghost of Jones might start out from behind a beer cask, and frighten their little heads off.

But what was their dismay when they found that the grave was empty?

The reason for the grave being empty was, as we know, that Jones had got out. There was no other reason.

Where was Jones?

Well, he was at home, taking his supper, at this particular moment, just like a commonplace man. But the conspirators did not know this. Their terror was therefore heightened by mystery. Jones, with that remarkable want of consideration for other people's feelings which was his distinguishing characteristic, had neglected to send a post-card informing the conspirators of his happy release.

The trio hardly knew what to do, or to say. Lirbey, indeed, offered to make a speech on the Eastern Question, but as Maenrol had begun to take off his coat, on hearing the suggestion, he decided that on the whole, as he was not a strong man, it would be better to reserve the speech for the Conservative Association, where all the members are weak men.

But time was going on. He could not wait, having an appointment elsewhere. It was therefore necessary to do something, and so the pickaxes and the spades were brought out again. Maenrol took a gallon of beer to fortify his delicate constitution, and the three were about to recommence the work of removing the Infirmary when a prolonged and hideous groan was heard from a corner of the cellar.

The effect was considerable. Lirbey, being a weak man, died upon the spot from fright. Reedy vanished like a flash of lightning, and Maenrol only waited to hear another groan and have another gallon, and also invested in a walking ticket. Lirbey they left, which evidently was not right.

Who was it that groaned?

That is a question which by all the rules of commercial novel writing should be answered in another chapter.

(To be continued.)

NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

It would be a good thing, since the City Council seems unable to prevent itself from wasting an enormous amount of time, both over important and unimportant business, if, whenever any subject which evidently offers more than usual facilities for talking, a special meeting was held to consider the subject. For instance, the Council held a special meeting on Wednesday and were able to talk the best part of four hours without interfering particularly with the regular and necessary public business which would have been on the paper if the meeting had been the ordinary monthly one. There were four subjects down on the agenda paper—the question of memorialising in favour of restrictions on out-door beer and wine licenses; the subject of the tax which this free trade community exacts from butchers and fishmongers within the Manchester township in the shape of a ten pound license yearly; a notice by Mr. Harwood which is intended to put a stop to the practice indulged in by some Corporation officials of undertaking private work during business hours; and, lastly, there was a memorial against the tramway scheme, to be presented by Mr. Alderman Bennett. The two second subjects have been down on the paper for ever so many months past, and have had to be constantly postponed because the Council talked so much about whether the members ought to go into the organ recitals free, or whether they are to have the run of the "municipal palace" without let or hindrance, and other subjects of similarly vast importance, that the questions of the licenses and of the officials' duties have never been reached, and this special meeting was at last called in order to make one supreme effort to get rid of them. So, having a comparatively clear field, the members settled themselves down to a regular good talk, the flow of which never ceased from half-past ten till nearly two. We do not want to deal with the merits of the memorial which Mr. Alderman Bennett proposed with a view of placing out-door licenses under the jurisdiction of the magistrates, but we may express a doubt whether the subject, one which legitimately comes within the province of the Council, and, at any rate, as there is a select committee of the Lords now considering it, and not likely to report for some time, it is very improbable that any legislation will be attempted by the Government this session, and therefore neither the memorial nor the discussion could have much effect. The first will be forgotten when the time for action comes, and the second was never worth remembering. Mr. Alderman Bennett certainly made out a strong case, but one would feel more satisfied about the matter if it were not so clear that such legislation as that which the memorial suggests would be a source of great gratification and profit to the publicans. Mr. Bennett, however, gained his point, and then we went on to a long and not very lively discussion about the butchers' licenses. As might have been expected the Markets Committee, who hates to be interfered with, met the demand for the reduction of these licenses from ten pounds to one shilling by a direct *non possumus*, and Mr. Alderman Murray even had the good taste to threaten the Council that if they dared to run counter to the Committee that the Committee would cease to pay the £20,000 a year which they now hand over to the Finance Committee, and therefore threw a sum to that amount upon the rates, which would raise them by about threepence in the pound. Mr. Murray evidently forgot that the Committee are only the Council's servants, and that they will not be allowed to do just as they like. Mr. Hilton Smith put the case for the abolition of this tax upon food in a fair and well-reasoned speech, which few could hear, and which, we presume, was for that reason not reported in the papers. After that, the discussion subsided into very small talk, and, in the end, the Committee carried the day, and this city, which is always boasting of its adherence to free trade principles, thereby gave a striking example of the difference between its precepts and its practice. As soon as this was disposed of there was a rush for the door, and in the din Mr. Alderman Curtis quietly proposed, and Mr. Alderman Murray as quietly seconded, the adoption of Mr. Alderman Bennett's memorial against the tramways. The Mayor, however, put the motion in a loud voice, and the Councillors who were flocking towards the door shouted out "No," much to the discomfiture of Messrs. Curtis and Murray. There was another discussion threatened when Mr. Bright moved that the house be counted. This was the signal for an immediate clearance of the room, and as not sufficient were left to form a quorum, the memorial was happily knocked on the head—at least for another month.

THE QUEEN INTERVIEWED.

[BY CUM GRANO SALIS, ESQ.]

WAST ever at Court, reader?

W No? "Then thou art ——. Why, if thou never wast at Court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state," reader.

Let me confess, and I do so with unfeigned shame and humiliation, that such was my own sad state until quite recently, when, through the combined courtesy and influence of Mr. Macsue, of Manchester, and his friend, Vivian Grey, of London, I was honoured with a presentation to her Majesty the Queen: thus lifting myself out of a state of vulgar and unfashionable "damnation," and rising into those regions of *haut ton* where the very breezes blow with gentility, and where all men's manners are marked by that superb repose "which stamps the caste of *Vere de Vere*." Indeed, from the Addisonian ease and flow of this communication, so different from my former plebeian gush, you can scarcely fail to observe that the refined atmosphere of Osborne has already had the effect of transforming one who was, hitherto, but little better than a Tony Lumpkin, into a comparative Brummel. Little did I dream, in my unregenerate days, what power there lies in royal words and royal smiles to soothe the savage breast, and smooth the roughest nature down; and even now, in the very honeymoon of my newly-found aesthetic joy, it requires a large degree of that Pauline faith which is said to remove mountains to make me believe that a single appearance at Court has so thoroughly rescued me from my former "parlous state." But so it is: for which all praise be to Allah, Macsue, and Vivian Grey.

You may be sure that, in view of my presentation, I made much anxious preparation, both of attire and address, for it was no light ordeal I had to pass through, and Fanny Burney's account of the emotions she experienced on entering for the first time into the presence of royalty was still fresh in my mind. I called on my philanthropic townsmen, Mr. Mosesberg, in the hope of obtaining advice and information: but it appears that his presentation was merely to the Prince of Wales, in public, whilst mine was going to be to the Queen, in private. It was fortunate I called, however, for on promising to tender her Majesty his "umble and loyal respects," and to particularly inquire after "the health of her illustrated son," he presented me with a splendid kaleidoscope and a pocket barometer. He also advised me to place myself unreservedly in the hands of some Court tailor, at London, "who," he humorously observed, "will rig you out with proper toggy, and tell you how to look, what to do, and when to speak." I followed this shrewd advice, and as I paced before a pier-glass, on the morning of the day appointed for my interview, dressed in my grand Court clothes, I fell into the same vanity as poor Oliver Goldsmith when he got his new plumed paletot, and imagined myself a rather good-looking person.

It is usual, in communications such as this, to describe those numerous forms which have to be gone through in making an approach to royalty, but I shall content myself with simply mentioning the fact that, although I am scarcely bigger than the celebrated Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who was once put inside a pie, which appeared on Charles the Second's dinner-table, my pockets were all carefully searched, and my elaborately-tasselled cane taken from me.

Upon entering into the royal presence, and before being presented, I commenced to repeat, in my best style, a short poem I had that morning composed, which ran thus:—

Revered, beloved! Oh, you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old!—

At this point I was bade to kneel, which I forthwith did, and had the felicity of giving her Majesty's hand a genuine Lancashire kiss. Just as I had risen to my feet again, a pamphlet dropped from her Majesty's hand on to the floor. On hastening, with loyal alacrity, to pick it up and replace it in her Majesty's possession, I was exceedingly surprised to find that it was the now famous brochure entitled "The Crown and the Cabinet." This was fortunate, for it instantly suggested to my mind a subject of conversation.

"I perceive your Majesty is perusing 'The Crown and the Cabinet?'"

"You are quick-sighted, sir, nor have your eyes deceived you. It is indeed the pamphlet which you speak of that I read."

"May a subject dare to ask his Sovereign's opinion of that celebrated tract?"

"Celebrated! Ay, ay; crime ever gains fame for its authors, and these pages contain sentiments which, ere now, have brought their owners to the block."

"And yet, I understand your Majesty has no more loyal subject than their author."

"Ay, he postulates his loyalty, but methinks his way of proving it is somewhat strange. 'Tis a puissant pen, though, that he wields, and an artful one withal. Mark with what subtle grace he proves he has permission from our very self for 'dealing freely' with our royal name and power. Note, too, the skilful way in which he judges me for actions of 'the Prince—that is, the Queen,' and then the Prince for mine, 'the Queen—that is, the Prince.' Ay, 'tis well done. Would that this writer's pen had been but dipped in royal ink."

"Would that it had, your Majesty. But that I fear it were presumption, I would have asked your Majesty what truth there lies in his insinuation that this latest volume of the royal Consort's life was issued with political designs."

"'Tis not for subjects to discuss or place interpretations on their Sovereign's acts. Enough it is for them to know that all those acts are undertaken for the people's weal."

"'Tis true, your Majesty, and those are wisdom's words that from your royal lips do fall. If one so mean as I may quote my own poor words whilst in the presence of my Queen, I would define the duty of your subjects thus:—

Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die."

"Our royal ears drink gladly in such loyal words—words so poetic, too, that were the Laureate's laurel-wreath at liberty it should e'en grace your brows."

"I just begin to live, your Majesty. Returning, by your royal leave, to this sad tract, it doth contain a strange denial of your royal right to act as Premier permanent, to teach the Cabinet what's meet and wise to do, and bid its members when to speak and when to hold their peace."

"Audacious words! Am I, Victoria—Queen by the grace of God—Empress of India and Defender of the Faith, to stand with 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness' before the servants of my royal will? Shall I, their Queen, be puppet to a Premier's threat, and servile to my subjects' will? Time was, when he who uttered words like these did dig his grave. All loyal subjects know that, just as a Divinity doth hedge the Queen, so doth that same Divinity direct her steps in wisdom's ways: nor can she err."

"Your royal words do make me conjure up within my mind a vision of the martyred Charles, whose kingly sentiments have just been echoed by your royal lips."

"Ay, he was, in truth, a martyr. *Requiescat in pace.*"

"May I presume to so far imitate my Sovereign's graceful usage of an ancient tongue, as to suppose his death may be accounted for by a pernicious prevalence amongst his people of the two strange notions, that *satus populi suprema est lex*, and *vox populi vox Dei*, and by the undoubted truth that *silent leges inter arma?*"

Just as I was awaiting her Majesty's gracious reply to my interrogation, the door of the royal apartment opened and Vivian Grey entered. After he had made a profound obeisance, and inquired after the royal health in most graceful terms, her Majesty graciously informed him I was one of her Manchester subjects, and that we had been speaking about "The Crown and the Cabinet." A cloud of disapproval passed athwart his face. He observed that Manchester was a very dangerous place, and expressed his hope that an attempt would be made to reclaim the writer of "The Crown and the Cabinet" from the error of his ways, and to place his feet once more in the paths of Constitutional virtue, by appointing him to some highly-salaried Government post, of a literary nature.

The principle implied by this suggestion appeared to be founded on the old idea of silencing a disagreeable person by making him into a bishop, and I smiled as I thought what small influence such a mercenary temptation would have on a man like the writer of "The Crown and the Cabinet." I felt thoroughly affronted, however, by his aspersion of my native city, so I ventured to assure her Majesty that she had no more loyal subjects than the people of Manchester, and flung back the base taunt of disloyalty,

suggested by Vivian Grey, by quoting the following old couplet of mine:—

Bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
Dark and true and tender is the North.

At this point, feeling that I could not, with propriety, defend my native city any further in the royal presence, I brought my audience to a close by presenting her Majesty with the last volume of the *Jackdaw*, repeating, as I placed it on the royal stand, these lines, which I had specially composed for the occasion:—

Take, Madam, this poor book of mine;
For, though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long!

Thus came to a close my ever-to-be-remembered interview with her Majesty the Queen. All that now remains for me to do is the duty of publicly thanking Mr. Macsue for using his powerful Court influence on my behalf, and of apologising, in the same public manner, to my philanthropic townsmen, Mr. Mosesberg, for having omitted to tender his "umble respects" to her Majesty, as also to inquire after the "ealth of her illustrated son."

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is coming out as a reformer. Manchester and Thirlmere together have done it. In his capacity of President of the Society of Arts, the Heir-Apparent has suggested that the whole question of the water supply of our large cities should be taken into serious consideration, and, of course, the Royal suggestion will be carried into effect. This is what he says:—"I would draw the attention of the Council to the subject, and suggest whether at the present time great public good would not arise from an open discussion of the question in the Society's rooms, with a view to the consideration of how far the great natural resources of the kingdom might by some large and comprehensive scheme of a national character, adapted to the varying specialities and wants of districts, be turned to account for the benefit not merely of a few large centres of population, but for the advantage of the general body of the nation at large." But why shouldn't the Society go further, and, with His Royal Highness's sanction, inquire, not only into the water supply, but also into the beer supply, of the United Kingdom. Water, no doubt, has much to do with public health and public happiness. But so has beer.

If silence be gold, and speech silver, to roar and do nothing must be Britannia metal.

We are credibly informed that the rowdy section of the Tories all over the country have given up singing "Rule Britannia," and "God Save the Queen," and now swear, instead, only by the following new and original ditty:—

"We are a most compact and strong
Unanimous majority;
We yield our private judgment up
To Beaconsfield's authority.

Long ears sagaciously we wag,
Fore-feet we firmly plant;
But we don't come here to argue,
Because—thank God!—we can't!"

MR. DAVID JOHNSTONE, a Manchester joiner, is a brick. At Burslem Police Court, on Tuesday, David was brought up in custody on a charge of violating one of the bye-laws of the London and North-Western Railway Company. On Monday afternoon the defendant left Manchester in a London express train, and as it passed Madeley station—going at the rate of 50 miles an hour—he was noticed riding on the footboard outside one of the carriages. The station master telegraphed to Whitmore, the next station, where the train was stopped, and the defendant, who had got back into his carriage, and who was very drunk, was taken into custody. The only excuse he offered for his foolish freak was that he got out to look for his hat. The Bench pointed out the folly of David's conduct, and

fined him 20s. and costs. If David can successfully perform such perilous feats when he is "very drunk," what, we ask, could he not do when moderately sober?

THE last information about the meeting at the Carlton Club is that it was not its object to urge the Government on to action, but that it was called on receipt of a telegram from Manchester, reporting the great access of members to the Junior Reform Club. After an anxious consultation it was resolved that in order to be beforehand again with the Liberal party an Infant Conservative Club shall be opened in Manchester. All members to be under nine years of age, as after that age the child's reasoning power begins to develop itself.

MR. GEORGE H. LARMUTH, of 18, King Street, has just published, through Mr. John Heywood, an exceedingly useful little work entitled "A Practical Guide to the Law of Landlord and Tenant." The information given is at once varied and reliable, and no one, whether landlord or tenant, will regret paying a shilling to have such a good guide always at hand.

THE Government had narrow escapes on the Burials Question and the Irish Franchise Bill, having only fifteen of a majority in the former, and eight in the latter case. Their reign is drawing near its close.

Mayfair hears on high clerical authority that Prince Leopold is determined to take holy orders, and that the Queen, after every effort to dissuade him, has at last reluctantly given her consent. This is only as it ought to be. The Duke of Edinburgh is in the Navy, the Duke of Connaught is in the Army—why shouldn't Prince Leopold be in the Church?

A CAN(N)ONICAL CONUNDRUM.

HAD Moslem mulishness held out
Against Old England's war-ships sailing
Along the narrow gun-flanked route,
To give our kin at Stamboul hailing—
What semblance, then, should we have seen
Between the navigating Hector
And that fire-eating rural dean
Who of a neighbouring town is rector?
A-cannon-balling one would be,
Whilst with his men-o'-war he ran on;
His namesake in a nearer see
(In politics), a bawling canon!

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* nearly every week. The following have already appeared:—

BROKEN DOWN.—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.
HEAVY HEARTS.—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.
THE BOLTED DOOR.—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.
CLARA BROWN.—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.
BOUND HAND AND FOOT.—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.
MRS. ALLGOOD'S SECRET.—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.
WON BY A NECK.—In No. 106, Nov. 23, 1877.
THE RIGHT WINS.—In No. 109, Dec. 14, 1877.
AT LAST.—In No. 110, Dec. 21, 1877.
RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!—In No. 111, Dec. 28, 1877.
STAGGERING HOME.—In No. 112, Jan. 4, 1878.
TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD.—In No. 114, Jan. 18, 1878.
HARD-UP.—In No. 115, Jan. 25, 1878.
Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 14d. each.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.I.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTI-LACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,

Beadle of the Royal Exchange, London.

JOHN BELLARS.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

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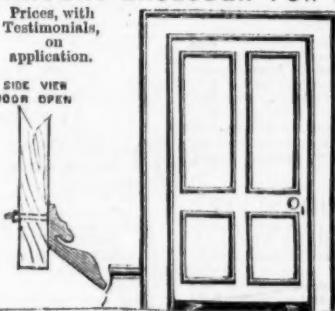
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